

THE BROAD AX

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Will promulgate and at all times uphold the true principles of Democracy, but Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, Single Taxers, Republicans, or anyone else can have their say, as long as their language is proper and responsibility is fixed.

The Broad Ax is a newspaper whose platform is broad enough for all, ever claiming the editorial right to speak its own mind.

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THE BROAD AX

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EDITORIAL COLUMNS.

HON. HARRY WOODS, SECRETARY OF STATE, HAS PASSED ON INTO THE NEXT WORLD.

The people throughout Illinois were greatly astonished to learn that on Monday afternoon Hon. Harry Woods, Secretary of State had committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver in his garage at Springfield, sometime on Sunday morning. It is supposed that his mind gave way under the great rush and strain of business. He leaves a wife and two daughters at Springfield, an aged mother, 3000 Warren Avenue, this city, and other friends and relatives to mourn his sudden passing away.

All of his affairs in connection with his office were as straight as a string. Funeral services were held over his remains in that city Wednesday.

Mr. Woods, it is true, had his faults and it was rather hard to understand him. He was extremely excitable at all times which caused many people to hesitate to come in contact with him, but if he could have his own way in setting forth his ideas and giving expressions to his thoughts in a rapid manner, anyone could get along with him.

The late secretary always treated us very nicely when we had occasion to come in contact with him and for several years past he had been a regular subscriber to The Broad Ax. May the better part of him rest in peace throughout the coming ages.

SULZER DEFIES COLONEL TO A JOINT DEBATE

COUNTERS TO ALL OF ROOSEVELT'S CHARGES AND BRANDS HIM AN ALLY OF MURPHY.

New York, Oct. 15—Instead of repenting, as Col. Roosevelt told him to do, "Plain Bill" Sulzer started today to smite the colonel hip and thigh with charges, insinuations, questions, and a challenge to a joint debate. As to repentance, "Plain Bill" asked the colonel:

"When did you do penance?"

In an open letter to Col. Roosevelt Mr. Sulzer says:

"Several newspapers report that you said I deceived you. This is not so. I call for a bill of particulars. If either was deceived, it was I.

"These newspapers report that you say, like your political ally, Murphy, that in my campaign statement of 1912 I did not account for all the money given me. You are again wrong. Every dollar I did not account for, and more besides, Murphy got—and has got it yet, so far as I know.

"I did not make a false statement concerning my campaign account of 1912. But how about that statement to which you swore to avoid payment of your taxes—that you were not a resident of New York?"

"Talking about campaign money, who is financing your campaign? Is it Tammany Hall? What have you to say about the Harriman campaign in 1904 contribution of several hundred thousand dollars when you were a candidate? Who got that? Who accounted for it? Who got the money through the insurance companies of the widows and orphans, amounting to thousands of dollars, when you were a candidate? Who accounted for that?"

Will you please stand up and lead us in prayer Col. Roosevelt.—Editor.

The John E. Tanner Camp No. 11 and the Ladies' Auxiliary No. 16, United Spanish War Veterans, Department of Illinois, gave a reception and ball the past Monday evening at Johnson's Dreamland Hall, 3530 S. State Street, which was a success in every way.

THE OPENING OF BETHEL LITERARY SOCIETY, THE ELECTION AND INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS OCCURRED LAST SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 P. M.

WITH RENEWED VIGOR AND ENTHUSIASM.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, Mr. B. W. Fitts, Pres.; Mr. Sandy W. Trice, Vice-Pres.; Miss Catherine Martin, Secretary; Mrs. Gaynor, assistant Secretary; Mrs. R. A. Jackson, Treasurer; Mrs. Hattie Champion, Chaplain; Mr. R. A. Jackson, Historian; Mr. William Adams, Sgt. at Arms.

Program committee, Mr. W. Hocker, chairman; Mrs. E. Owen and Mr. Fulton P. Hackney.

Miss Edna E. Jackson was elected chairman of the Musical committee. Mr. Irwin Jackson, chairman of the lookout committee, associated with him Mrs. Hattie Sherman.

Quite a tribute of respect was paid to ex-State Senator Theophile T. Allain formerly of the State of La., now a resident of this State by calling upon him both to preside over the meeting and to install those elected, which dignified the occasion in no mean way.

A GALAXY OF MUSICAL ARTISTS IN RECITAL AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 19TH, 1914.

Participants: — Clarence Cameron White of Boston, Mass., Violin; Mrs. Gertrude Wood-Townson, Contralto; Mrs. Agnes Peeler Lillard, Soprano; Miss Ethel Mae Minor, Accompanist; Misses Ida Mae Bell, Albertine Pierce, Grace and Violet Galloway and Mr. Ernst Green, Assistants at the Piano.

Program—Spanish Dance, No. 5, (Duo), Moszkowski, Ida Mae Bell and Ernestine Thompson; Expectancy (Vocal), Stickle, Mrs. Lillard; Kuyawik (Two pianos), Wieniawski, Albertine Pierce and Mr. Johnson; Military March (Eight hands), Schubert, Beatrice Lear, Helen Wheeler, John Chur and Mr. Johnson; Dreaming (Vocal), Joyce, Violet Galloway; Fantasie Appassionata (Violin), Vieuxtemps, Mr. White; Concerto—Andante Expressivo, Ferdinand Hiller, Ernst Green and Mr. Johnson; (a) When the Roses Fall (Vocal), Vannah, (b) Bid Me To Live, Hatton, Mrs. Townson; (a) Berceuse (Violin) Clarence Cameron White, (b) Orientale, Caesar Cui, (c) Liebesfreund, Fritz Kreisler, Mr. White; Concertstück—Last Movement, Weber, Miss Grace Galloway and Mr. Johnson; When the Heart is Young (Vocal), Buck, Mrs. Lillard; (a) Traumerei (Violin) By Desire, Schumann, (b) Perpetual Motion, Franz Ries, Mr. White; Concerto—Last Movement, Mendelssohn, Miss Ida Mae Bell and Mr. Johnson.

Ushers and Attendants: — Misses Naomi Bunn, Katie Fowler, Jeanette Triplett, Vivian Ferguson, Alga Porter, Emma Williams, Therrell Riley, Lucile Dean, Fairfax Butler.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. AIDA OVERTON WALKER.

Sunday evening at ten minutes past 6 o'clock, Aida Overton Walker, wife of the late George Walker of the Williams and Walker Company, very suddenly expired at her home in New York City.

At this distance it is hard to ascertain just what was the cause of her untimely death.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones, 6641 Evans Avenue, who ranked among her best friends in this city where she always stopped while visiting it left Wednesday morning for New York City to attend the funeral services which were held over her remains in that city on Thursday. The next issue of this paper will contain a more comprehensive account of her passing away.

FRANK W. HENRY WILL ADDRESS THE BETHEL LITERARY CLUB.

Bethel Literary Club will be addressed Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18, at 4 o'clock by Mr. Frank W. Henry. Subject "The European War, causes thereof and its effect upon civilization." Everybody welcome.

MEN'S CIVIC CLUB.

The regular meeting of the Men's Civic Club was held on last Tuesday evening at 3005 State St., 8 o'clock. The meeting was especially interesting. The club is planning to do much in the way of bettering civic conditions. All men invited to be present and join the club. W. D. Neighbors, President.

NEGRO FELLOWSHIP LEAGUE.

The league will be addressed Sunday October 18th by Mr. J. Winthrop of the McCormick Theological Seminary. Come and hear him at the Reading Room, 3005 State St., at 4 p. m. Interesting meetings are held every Sunday afternoon. It is hoped that the house will be crowded. Everybody cordially invited.



HON. MARTIN B. MADDEN.

Republican candidate for re-election to Congress from the First Congressional District of Illinois, Champion of the civil and political rights of the Afro-American, who paid a short and glowing tribute as to the worth of the colored soldiers in all the wars in this country, at the laying of the cornerstone of the New Armory belonging to the Eighth Regiment.

You can't tell what a man knows by what he doesn't say.

Not every fellow who carries a hammer can crack a joke.

Knowledge is power—except when you know you're beaten.

Sometimes people get along together better by remaining apart.

All the heroes haven't medals. Some of them have receipted bills.

As a general thing, he who laughs last carries it a little too far.

Is life worth living? Not to the fellow who argues that it is not.

Did you ever know a rich young woman to marry a poor old man?

In traveling the road to success some people always want to cut across lots.

The "safety first" reform does not get much attention in Europe at present.

Men are like fish. Neither would get into trouble if they kept their mouths shut.

Old ideas die hard. A dispatch from Holland speaks of "the concert of the powers."

In the matter of poverty's joys the majority of us are overjoyed most of the time.

The man who borrows trouble doesn't have to worry over insistent demands for its return.

The world old question of how the other half lives is fast being answered in the negative.

The next crop of European tourists will have a fine assortment of new ruins to inspect.

It often happens that a critical point in life comes to us disguised as an everyday incident.

The Hague is now located as a small section of peace influence entirely surrounded by war.

A man with a good conscience is not afraid when there is a knock at the door at midnight.

The optimist is a welcome visitor, but the pessimist's room is worth more than his company.

Those armies, it appears, are like the lamb in the lion's cage—they have to be renewed frequently.

If everybody at all times said everything that came to his mind there would be no more friendship.

Wherever a house is being built all the neighbors disagree upon how it could have been better planned.

Jamaica has had a slight earthquake by way of contributing its quota to the general disturbances of the day.

That new king of Albania ought to insist on the regular two weeks' notification clause in his contract.

Those deep trenches are great things for the Scotch highlanders. They save so much of them from exposure.

It seems to be impossible to find a place to have a fight in Europe where there has not been a fight before.

Optimism is thinking regretfully of the time when efforts to reach it were made mainly by pleasure seekers.

But the best policy is one that is paid up.

Most of us would rather preach than practice anyway.

If you would make a tool of a man, select a dull one.

About the easiest thing to get in this world is disgruntled.

Infant industries never had such a chance for birthdays.

A war without horrors would be unusual, to say the least.

You can "run down" a good man, but you can't ride over him.

Pay as you go and people will be glad to see you come back.

Lucky is the man who can make a press agent of every friend.

Scientists claim they have about perfected a black tulip. Why?

It is easier to learn how not to do things than how to do them.

Many a man who has a cool head is often accused of having cold feet.

Honesty is the best policy, and in the long run the premiums are less too.

Man's nature to be good is like the tendency of water to flow downward.

A man may be tempted from without, but he is overcome from within.

If we never had afflictions we couldn't appreciate being without them.

Next time there is a concert of the powers it will not be at popular prices.

As things now go, there is a good deal of money that isn't even whispering.

When there is a ghost of a chance never give up until you give up the ghost.

If China wants commercial advice we will give it—buy only American goods.

It doesn't take pneumonia and typhoid fever long to break into the war game.

A price that staggers humanity has already been paid, with nothing to show for it.

While men continue to make cannon and use them, isn't it almost useless to pray for peace?

When a man begins to brag about himself he starts advertising his greatest weakness.

Any person craving excitement can get all he requires by becoming a war photographer.

When conscience keeps a man awake at night the best thing he can do is to behave himself.

Should this war keep on six months longer the troops will all be suffering from spring fever.

An ounce of prevention isn't worth a grain of ocean sand unless it is applied to the right spot.

If the war is a long one, keeping up its present rate, human endurance will establish a new record.

Self confidence is a good thing, yet there is nothing so productive of absurdity as an excess of it.

Grew Up With the Job.

To curiosity John Jones
In childhood stooped
And all the little girls and boys
Declared he snooped.

In other people's business still
To poke he tried,
And as a youth his comrades all
Announced he spied.

When grown he went in politics,
Becoming great,
And people found he would with skill
Investigate.

He grew until he got inside
A statesman's robes,
A government commission formed,
And now he probes.

—New York Evening Sun.

Helping the Preacher.

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing his frown of reproof the young hopeful cried out:
"You tend to your preachin', daddy; I'll keep 'em awake."—Exchange.

Qualified Praise.

There are people, by the by,
Who must always qualify.
"What about that fellow, hey?
Oh, he's honest—in a way!"

Never as things peer along
Do they come out good and strong.
Speaking of a girl they say,
"Yes, she's pretty—in a way."

In the course of life's affairs
At the end they may get theirs.
The recording angel may
Find them wanting—in a weigh.

—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Cause For Sorrow.

The old hog wore a melancholy expression.

"Why are you sad every time you see a hen passing?" asked the little pig.

"I cannot help thinking of ham and eggs," replied the old one.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Misunderstood.

She sighed in such a plaintive way,
I pitied her, I vow,
And sought to kiss her grief away.
She is the plaintiff now!

—Judge.

Another sad and wistful maid
I isolated when despondent.
Her husband stopped it. I'm afraid
That I'm the correspondent.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Of Different Mind.

"Going to divorce your husband, eh? Let me recommend my lawyer. He got me my divorce without the slightest publicity."

"Glad you told me about him. I might have made a mistake and employed him if you had not."—Houston Post.

Going Away.

You tell your friends, the Wombats,
That you're for Paris bound.
To this they rise and straight surmise
At Newport they'll be found.

Full soon you seek at ten a week
A boarding place somewhere,
And, the next day, to your dismay,
The Wombats turn up there.

—Kansas City Journal.

Tearing the Halo.

"That man's been in the wars. He told me of all the men he killed and all the wounds he got."

"Then I suppose those are his scars of glory he was showing?"

"Nope. That's where our dog bit him."—Baltimore American.

Przemysl.

["Przemysl" is pronounced "Pachemish."—Newspaper Item.]
There was a young lady of Przemysl
Whose family tree had a blemish,
Her father was Prussian,
Her mother was Russian,
And her uncle and aunt were both Flemish.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

At the Museum.

"What's the matter with the glass case?"
"He ate a couple of windows last evening, and I think he must have a pane in his stomach."—Baltimore American.

Devotion.

If I had a thousand lives to live
I'd live them all for you.
If I had a thousand hearts to give
You'd get the thousand, Sue.

On the other hand, in the winter's storm,
When you're so cold you're blue,
If you had a hundred feet to warm
I'd warm them all for you!

—New York Mail.

Her Only Excuse.

"Did you hear about Mrs. Midy's latest? She actually kissed her husband goodbye at the railway station."

"The simple old dear! She's hopelessly old fashioned."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Human Nature.

I wish I had a syllabus, a protoplasm and a large three cornered cummerbund, a baggi in each hand.
I could not tell you what they are if, failing, I'd be shot.

The reason why I want them is because I have them not.

—Judge.

Quite the Thing.

Nell—Becky always dresses appropriately for every occasion.
Belle—Yes, I noticed she wore a dress of panne velvet when she danced "the kitchen sink."—Baltimore American.

Suspicious.

A most suspicious man is Green,
A creature filled with doubt and fear.
A dozen times with him I've been
When he refused to trust his ears.

—Detroit Free Press.

Danger Averted.

"Betty said that if any man kissed her without warning she would scream for her father."

"What did you do?"
"I warned her."—Boston Transcript.

"William, why can't we have an automobile like other people?"
"Because, my dear, I'll have to put a new roof on the house before it will hold a mortgage."—Baltimore American.

"The dentist is an artist," said
The funny Mr. Heath;
"The pencil doesn't earn his bread,
But I've seen him draw teeth."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Did you meet any nice men at the summer resort, dear?"
"I should say I did, and I met a couple of rich ones too."—Detroit Free Press.

A public pest we all despise,
His actions make us groan—
He guesses the wrong number
And rings our telephone.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"She was completely prostrated and made very ill by his peridy."
"Did she recover?"
"Yes, \$5,000."—Boston Transcript.

Flies delight to buzz and bite
And bother when you read or write.
If I just had a bumblebee
I guess they wouldn't bother me!

—Los Angeles Times.

"Did the medicine I prescribed have a soporific effect?"
"Oh, no, doctor; it only put me to sleep."—Baltimore American.

That man will fall into some kink
Of unexpected words
Who thinks that what he merely thinks
Is what he really knows.

—Washington Star.

"How do you know that Chancer dictated his old English to a stenographer?"
"Look at the way it's spelled."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The cheery tones of the editor man
Through sanctum and hall resound.
"War poems!" he cries. "Way, bless your dear eyes,
We're buying 'em now by the pound!"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Are the running expenses of an automobile very high?"
"Not if the motorcycle cop fails to get your number."—Baltimore American.

The fat man leans against the house,
And thus it can be seen
He's fat because he eats too much,
And that's what makes him lean.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What's the matter, old man! Ben in a boiler explosion?"
"No. Had the coal put in today, and I've just crawled over it to fasten the cellar window."—Detroit Free Press.

The farmer we delight to chaff,
But on his way he goes
And often gets a quiet laugh
At city people's clothes.

—Kansas City Journal.

Old Mother Nettiecot wanted a petticoat and went downtown to a store. But when she got there the girl said with a stare, "They're not wearing them things any more."—Central (Kan.) Courier.

Statistics are a comfort great.
We twist them with sincere delight.
No matter what the figures state,
Each makes them show that he is right.

—Washington Star.

"Yes, he's an awful hustler. Always ahead of time. Seems to anticipate everything. Used to be a newsboy."

"I see. Probably sold 6 o'clock editions at noon!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All voters are not druggists.
But they show a lot of skill
In mixing for the candidates
A mighty bitter pill.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"What are you going to wear at the fancy dress ball, Mabel?"
"I'm going to wear two skirts and a petticoat and go as an old fashioned matron."—Detroit Free Press.

"The battleship lacks shame," said Bill.
"For, though she's well equipped,
She won't go into battle till
She is completely stripped."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The people in that institution are crazy about it."
"What is it?"
"An insane asylum."—Baltimore American.

A brittle thing is speech, so take
Precaution how you bend it.
For any man can make a break